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UNITED STATES

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MAD

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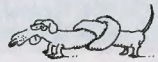
COVER ARTIST:
MARK FREDRICKSON



When most people think about their problems, the only thing they figure out is that they're too dumb to Fix them!
ALFRED E. NEUMAN

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STATES OF IDIOCY

As a longtime subscriber and proud Delawarean, I was incensed at the letter from Mark Guthrie in MAD #494 where he says he's "not pathetic enough to live in Delaware." Maybe you double mocha latte-sipping bozos in Washington would just ignore a comment like that, but them's fighting words here in the First State. Nothing is more pathetic than the NBA franchise-losing, raincoat-wearing Canada-touchers that live in Washington. You've been warned, Guthrie. Don't mess with Delaware.

Kevin Lagowski, New Castle, DE

Well, I just happen to be a life-long resident of the "First" state and have been reading and collecting MAD for over 30 years. Although I haven't played the new MAD scratch lottery game, I believe the guy from Washington should scratch something else. Seeing how it rains most of the time out there, he's obviously a little "wet" behind the ears and sounds like he was standing a little too close to Mount St. Helens when it erupted. Go play in a puddle, moron. MAD rules!

John Stroud, Wilmington, DE

The Big Lagowski and Three's A Stroud — Let's end this feud right here and just agree that both Delaware and Washington shouldn't even be considered states! —Ed.

READER ALERT II

What could possibly be better than staring at a blank wall all year? How about staring at a different vintage MAD cover each month? Well you can, simply by making a date, running out to where calendars are sold and buying the MAD 2009 calendar!

READER ALERT III

Those who had their letters printed on this month's Letters Page will receive *NHL2k9* for the Wii, courtesy of our friends at the National Hockey League. For more info please go to nhl.com. You'll also receive the book *Spanking Shakespeare*, courtesy of our friends at Random House. And if that wasn't good enough, you'll get *From Krakow To Krypton: Jews and Comic Books* written by MAD-writer Arie Kaplan, courtesy of our friends at The Jewish Publication Society. If your letter didn't make it, go out and complete the hat trick, they're all on sale now!

COMING UP IN MAD #497, ON SALE DECEMBER 16!

THE MAD 20:
OUR YEARLY ROUND-UP OF THE
20 DUMBEST PEOPLE, EVENTS & THINGS!

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JAMES BOND MOVIES, *90210* AND THE RECESSION!

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the usual gang of idiots

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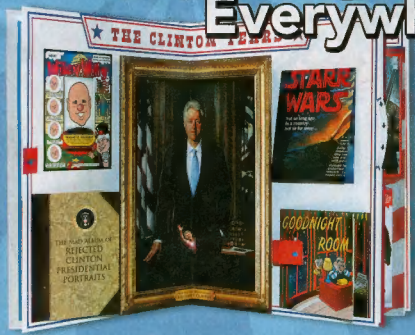


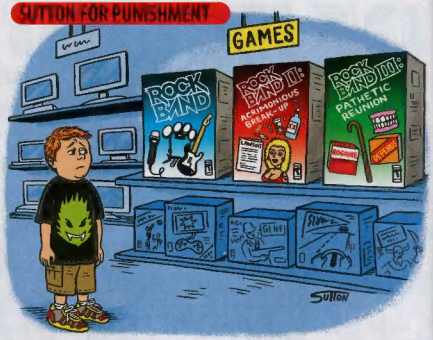
Available October 7th

wherever pop-up (and non-pop-up) books are sold.

THE FAST 5
WACKY AMERICAN LAWS

1. You can be jailed in Georgia for wearing an orange jumpsuit.
2. A 1903 ordinance in Buffalo, NY states that no professional sports team within city limits may win a championship.
3. In Vermont, you may burn an American flag if you add a 51st star or an extra stripe beforehand.
4. In South Dakota, two men may marry each other, but only if one of them has a woman's name, like Kelly or Tracy.
5. In Michigan, it's illegal to take out money from a bank unless you have an account there.

SUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT



SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S "MINI-MYSTERY"

The previously overlooked hair fibers and bloodstains led Officer Hendricks to one conclusion — somehow, Mrs. Featherton had taken an 80 mph running start and thrown herself into the grille of her husband's Bentley.

NEXT MONTH: "The Stuttering Doorknob"!

MELVIN & JENKINS'
GUIDE TO HOLIDAY SHOPPING

Jenkins begins compiling his cross-referenced gift list in September, and has his shopping done by the second week of December.

Melvin grabs fistfuls of store gift cards as presents, but doesn't put any money on them, and blames "that stupid cashier."

CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

This Month
LIL WAYNE

Fatal depression after realizing there's no room left on his face to tattoo anything else.....2:1

Chokes to death on own grill during corn-on-the-cob mishap....4:1

Infected cold sore from creepily kissing rapper, "Birdman," on the lips.....10:1

Mauled to death by possums, attracted by bling "shininess".....15:1

Elected mayor of New Orleans, then assassinated for vowing to rename state "Weezy-ana" in his honor....900:1

6 EASY WAYS TO SUCCEED IN SCHOOL

1. Simply showing up for class can drastically improve your grade. Therefore always make certain the teacher has taken attendance and marked you present before sneaking out the back door.
2. Organize your time. Set aside specific amounts of time to sleep, relax, eat, watch TV, play video games, surf the web, and talk with friends. Any time left after that should be devoted to school work.
3. Writing down your goals helps you focus on achieving them. Be sure to write them down in pencil because it's easier to change your goals than to achieve them.
4. Don't ignore your assignments. Devote sufficient time each night to create a valid excuse of why you didn't do your homework. Keep careful records so you don't repeat the same excuse.
5. If you're having trouble in class, ask questions. For example, ask your teacher if his wife knows about that young lady you saw him eating dinner with the other night. Watch as your grades soar!
6. Don't wait until the last minute to insure you'll get a passing mark. Start cheating immediately.

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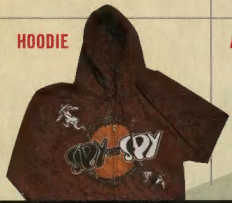

ADULT Ts

BOBBLE HEAD

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Consider the amazing history of hip hop music. Hundreds of top performers! Thousands of beats! Tens of thousands of songs! And strangely, just one recurring storyline! Why? Because the career arc of rap music superstardom has a well-traveled groove — and let's just say it doesn't curve up at the end! For proof, check out...

the RISE and FALL

Carl Pringle is born in a happy home, in a friendly neighborhood, to parents who love him dearly. For the sake of his "art" he will never utter a word about this for the rest of his life.

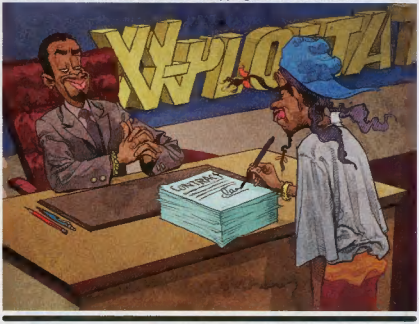
Carl's career gets off to a less than auspicious start when a YouTube video of him rhyming over a sample of the *Care Bears* theme song fails to catch on.

Down but not defeated, Carl moves on to his next project: with just a camcorder, he makes a new video. In classic hip hop style, it features a naked woman wiggling her ass behind opaque glass. His grandmother is NOT pleased.

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA

At an open mic night, Carl busts off a tongue-twisting freestyle of 18 syllables per second, breaking the world record. Sadly, halfway through the word "appendectomy," he almost swallows his retainer.

Desperate to make it in the rap game at any cost, Carl signs a nut-busting contract giving away 100% of the ownership of his masters and royalties to XX-Ploitation Records, exclusively binding him to them for the next 40 years. Having sold his own ass into contractual bondage, it makes it a tad ironic when Carl starts rapping about "them hoes."



XX-Ploitation Records lands Carl a high-profile background cameo in the new Lil Wayne video. Unfortunately, because of all the other guest cameos, no one is aware he's even in it.

In a savvy move to build his street cred, Carl adopts the moniker "Yung Carl," and is sure to mention in every interview that he was "shot twenty times when he was 17." He is also sure *not* to mention that this happened while he was playing *Halo 2*.

# of a RAP STAR

the RISE and FALL

Yung Carl makes a video for his first single, "Snap It, Crackle It, Pop It." Models are hired to rub against him and pretend they're horny. Bentleys, bling, and bubbly are all rented for the set. Carl wears a borrowed silk designer shirt he'll never see again, while repeatedly rapping about "keeping it real."

After the video flops, Carl decides to switch creative gears. Influenced by other rappers' collaborations with singers T-Pain and Akon, both of whom scored hits by recording vocals in a high-pitched vocoder "robot" voice, Carl goes into the studio and boldly applies a half dozen clothespins to his crotch. Not only does he fail to produce a hit, but he forever ruins his chances to father a child.

Carl's third single, "Drop It Like It's 12," sells just one copy online, but the purchase is made by Bill O'Reilly's assistant's daughter. The song, an ode to prepubescent love that rhymes "Hermione" with "luscious hiney," and "That's So Raven" with "completely shaven" soon comes to O'Reilly's attention and he rants about it on his show. Thanks to the publicity generated by outraged Fox News viewers, sales of the single skyrocket.

Suddenly Yung Carl is a media sensation! The new video for "Drop It Like It's 12" features a storm of dollar bills with Carl's face raining down on him while he's wearing a sleek snakeskin suit and playing poker with a bethonged woman's silhouette in the shiny "hallway of the future." Despite using so many outdated hip hop clichés, it becomes the biggest video of the year and is so hot that MTV even shows it twice.

In one of those moving, "passing of the torch" moments that only rap music can provide, Ja Rule gives Carl tips on his "flow" and on how to handle overnight success. And Carl gives Ja Rule a valuable tip, too, for getting the pizza to his house in under 30 minutes.

Riding high, Yung Carl launches a multimedia company, Microhard. He spends the next chapter of his life developing films, launching clothing lines, selling bottled juice, marketing video games, launching a publishing house, endorsing upscale watches and opening sports bars and strip clubs. The only thing that hurts his image as the "ultimate rap mogul" is that he completely forgets to record any rap music.

Everything collapses on Carl. His albums collect dust in discount bins. His merchandising deals are nixed. His embittered fan base calls him a sellout. Even "Weird Al" Yankovic starts ducking his phone calls.

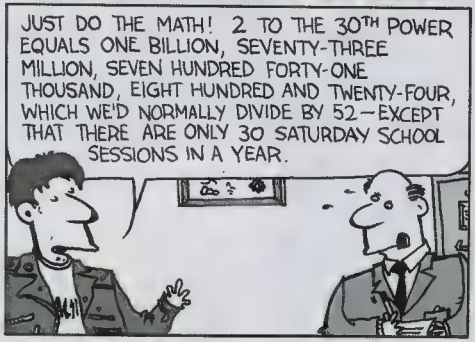
Yung Carl's meteoric rap career is over, but he had a phenomenally long run for a hip hop artist: almost ten months. While his star was shining brightly, he made over $30 million. After his record company, music publisher, agent, manager, lawyers and handlers take fair shares, Carl is left with a complimentary promo copy of his first record (minus the plastic CD case).

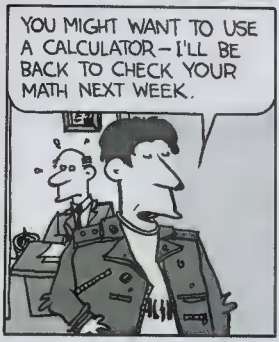
Carl refuses to give up. While filming an ill-timed video response to Rihanna's year-old "Umbrella" single, tragedy strikes. Carl impales himself on a beach umbrella, which then repeatedly opens and closes inside his sternum. "Yung" Carl Pringle was 22 years old. Not to imply that rap music fans are fickle, but after his death is announced, Google hits for Carl's name soar to almost a hundred.

A week later, Carl appears in a tribute graffiti mural of fallen rap heroes, but his face is almost entirely blocked out by Biggie's ass.

# of a RAP STAR

WAIT—ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT IF I SKIP THEM ALL I'LL OWE YOU ONE BILLION, SEVENTY-THREE MILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED FORTY-ONE THOUSAND, EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR SATURDAY SCHOOL SESSIONS?
WHAT? THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT.


JUST DO THE MATH! 2 TO THE 30TH POWER EQUALS ONE BILLION, SEVENTY-THREE MILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED FORTY-ONE THOUSAND, EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR, WHICH WE'D NORMALLY DIVIDE BY 52—EXCEPT THAT THERE ARE ONLY 30 SATURDAY SCHOOL SESSIONS IN A YEAR.



WRITER AND ARTIST: TED RALL

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Head for high land, it's...

MONROE and... the Natural Disaster

HEY, GUYS, WHAT'S GOING ON?
YOUR DAD IS TRYING TO GET THE TV WORKING.
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
IT'S STUCK ON THE SAME CHANNEL.
NOW HAND ME THAT BUTTER KNIFE AND TIN FOIL.
AS MUCH AS I'D ENJOY WATCHING YOU GET ZAPPED...
...IT'S THE EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM.
YEAH, I KNOW. BUT THE TEST HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR AN HOUR.
Um, I DON'T THINK IT'S A TEST.
A MASSIVE HURRICANE IS HEADED STRAIGHT THIS WAY!
THIS IS NOT A TEST!
MY GOD, WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU GUYS OPENED A SHADE?
I DON'T KNOW. WHENEVER IT WAS THAT WE WEREN'T HUNG OVER.
IT'S GOT TO BE AT LEAST A FEW MONTHS NOW!
HEY! THERE'S NO SUNLIGHT!
WOW! LIKE A PERMANENT MIDNIGHT!
THEY'RE SAYING THE STORM COULD DESTROY THE WHOLE TOWN.
THIS DAY JUST KEEPS ON GETTING BETTER.
BETTER DRINK THIS BOTTLE OF VODKA BEFORE THE ELECTRICITY GOES OUT AND IT SPOILS.
VODKA DOESN'T SPOIL. WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? SINCE WHEN DO I NEED AN EXCUSE TO START A BENDER?

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI ARTIST: TOM FOWLER COLORIST: CARL PETERSON

I FEEL LIKE ANNE FRANK UP HERE AND THE STORM OUT THERE IS THE FILTHY JERRYS.
I WAS SUPPOSED TO READ THAT BOOK FOR SCHOOL. GUESS NOW THAT I'M GONNA DIE, I DON'T HAVE TO.
SEE. NO HOMEWORK! SOMETHING GOOD IS COMING OUT OF THIS.
AND THOSE BULLIES FROM SCHOOL ARE PROBABLY FLOATING FACE DOWN RIGHT NOW.
Aw, C'MON, YOU GUYS. QUIT TRYING TO CHEER ME UP.
WHACK
YOW!
HI, FOLKS, I'M EUGENE, FROM THE CB.
CAREFUL WITH THAT AXE, EUGENE!
SORRY 'BOUT THAT. SO EXCITED TO SAVE YOU GUYS. GOT A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY WITH THE HOLE.
SO, IS THE STORM OVER?
YES. IT DEVASTATED YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD. EXCEPT FOR A COUPLE LUCKY HOUSES, LIKE YOURS.
I MEAN, ALL EXCEPT THE GAPING HOLE I PUT IN YOUR ROOF.
TERRIFIC.
SO WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ALL THOSE DESTROYED HOMES?
OH, MOST PEOPLE WILL GET A HEALTHY INSURANCE CHECK OUT OF IT AND REBUILD BETTER THAN NEW.
EXCEPT LUCKY US, RIGHT?
THAT'S PRETTY MUCH RIGHT.
AMAZING. SOMEHOW, EVEN SURVIVING A DISASTER, WE'RE WORSE OFF THAN WHERE WE STARTED.
THAT IS AMAZING.
SHUT UP, EUGENE AND GIVE ME THAT AXE!! I HAVE A HOUSE TO WRECK!!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK

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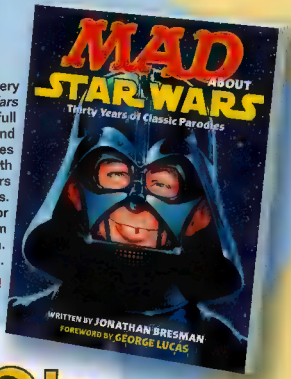

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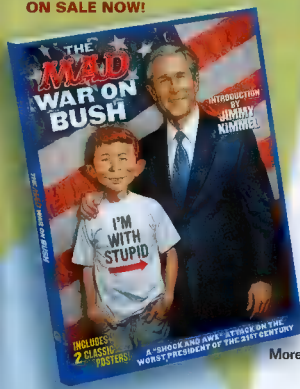
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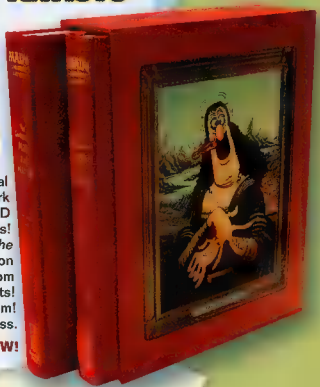
MAD's GREATEST ARTISTS

The Completely MAD Don Martin



A Deluxe 2-Volume Special Edition containing every work Don Martin created for MAD over the course of 30 years! With a foreword by *The Far Side* creator Gary Larson and tributes to Martin from MAD's Usual Gang of Idiots! More than 1,000 pages — count 'em! Published by Running Press.

ON SALE NOW!

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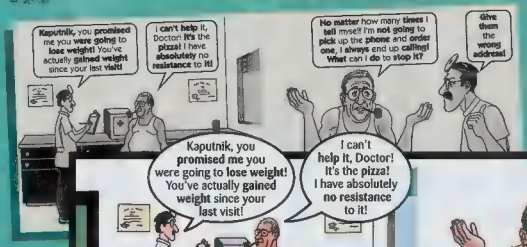
THE DARKER SIDE OF THE LIGHTER SIDE

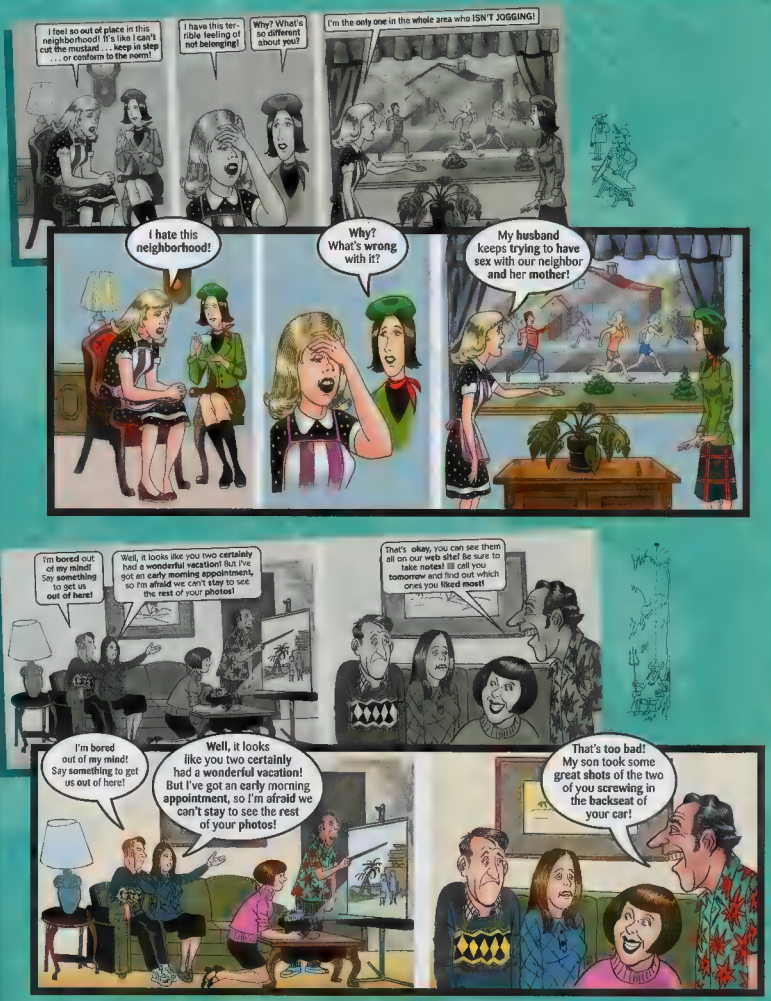
We tamper with classic Dave Berg strips, even though nobody asked us to — especially not Dave!

I've decided to retire at the end of this semester!
Really? That's a big decision! Don't you feel you'll be missing something rewarding from your life if you give up teaching?
Yes, all those wonderful summer vacations!

I've decided to retire at the end of this semester!
Really? That's a big decision! Don't you feel you'll be missing something rewarding from your life if you give up teaching?
I'll just miss trading sex for passing grades!
Especially with the girls.


Kaputnik, you promised me you were going to lose weight! You've actually gained weight since your last visit!
I can't help it, Doctor! It's the pizza! I have absolutely no resistance to it!
No matter how many times I tell myself I'm not going to pick up the phone and order one, I always end up calling! What can I do to stop it?
Give them the wrong address!

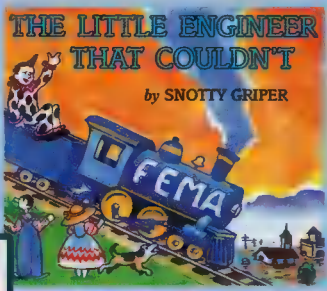
Kaputnik, you promised me you were going to lose weight! You've actually gained weight since your last visit!
I can't help it, Doctor! It's the pizza! I have absolutely no resistance to it!
Order one from Domino's — that'll cure ya!

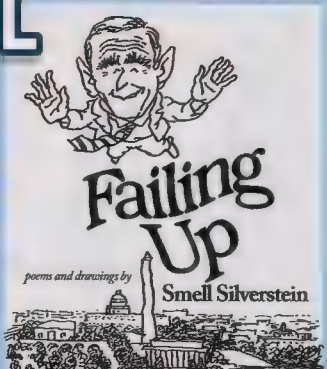

I feel so out of place in this neighborhood! It's like I can't cut the mustard . . . keep in step . . . or conform to the norm!
I have this terrible feeling of not belonging!
Why? What's so different about you?
I'm the only one in the whole area who ISN'T JOGGING!
I hate this neighborhood!
Why? What's wrong with it?
My husband keeps trying to have sex with our neighbor and her mother!
I'm bored out of my mind! Say something to get us out of here!
Well, it looks like you two certainly had a wonderful vacation! But I've got an early morning appointment, so I'm afraid we can't stay to see the rest of your photos!
That's okay, you can see them all on our web site! Be sure to take notes! Ill call you tomorrow and find out which ones you liked most!
I'm bored out of my mind! Say something to get us out of here!
Well, it looks like you two certainly had a wonderful vacation! But I've got an early morning appointment, so I'm afraid we can't stay to see the rest of your photos!
That's too bad! My son took some great shots of the two of you screwing in the backseat of your car!

Bartender, I'd like to spend some real quality time with my kids tonight!
So can you hurry it up with that next round of drinks?
Well, I appreciate the offer, barkeep...
But I brought money for my drinks, so I won't need to "work something out" with you.
She must think I'm the world's most boring guy! Every time I'm with her I can never think of anything to say! I like her a lot, but I'll never call her for a date again!
This guy is the best listener I've ever met! I think I'm falling in love with him!
What is that smell?!? Oh no! The guy behind me musta let one rip! Now my date's gonna think I farted!
Ahhh... silent but deadly!
OOPS!

The past eight years under the Bush administration have been a smorgasbord of scandal, lies, greed, torture, war and improper grammar. Any sane parent would want to shield their children from the ugly events that have unfolded, (especially if they voted for Bush). At the very least, however, children need a sense of history to prevent such disasters from happening again. But how do you present this dark history in such a way that it doesn't turn kids suicidal? Simple. If you filter it through kiddie lit, even the debacle that was the Bush presidency becomes appropriate for all ages! Here's MAD's guide to...

USING KIDS' BOOKS TO EXPLAIN THE AWFUL BUSH YEARS





WRITER: DAVID SHAYNE ARTIST: GARY HALLGREN

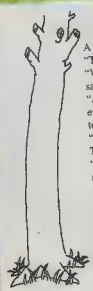
The Taking Tree
by Smell Silverstein

Once there was a tree...
and she loved
a little boy
named George.

"Tree," George said one day.
"We're going to war.
So I need money.
A lot of money."
"I don't have any money,"
said the Tree.
"Why don't you climb my
branches and take some apples?
You can sell those for money
and you will be happy."

George climbed the tree.
And shook the apples.
And shook and shook and shook.
Until he shook out $500 billion worth of apples.
"Wars are expensive!" said the Tree.
"Don't worry," said George.
"Once the Iraqis start pumping oil, the war will
pay for itself.
And I can give you your apples back."

So the Tree was happy.



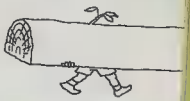
A little later, George came back.
"Tree," he said.
"We've got enemy combatants," said George.
"And we need to employ enhanced interrogation techniques."
"I only have branches," said the Tree.
"Yes, and your branches would make excellent waterboards," said George.
So George got to work with his chainsaw.
He had had a lot of practice cutting wood on his vacations in Crawford.

And the Tree was happy.

George came back again.
"Come, George. Come climb my trunk," the Tree said.
"Tree, there's no time for that," George said.
"I've got 4,000 dead soldiers.
We need to make coffins."

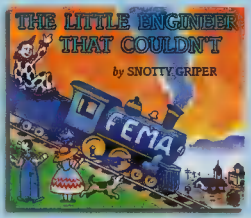
"My trunk would make fine coffins," said the Tree.
So George cut down the Tree's trunk.

And even though she was sad for all the dead soldiers, the Tree was happy.



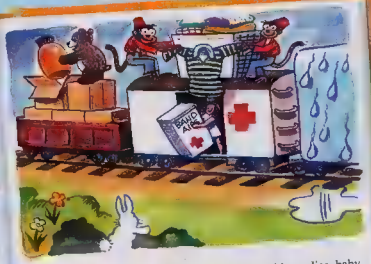
George came back again.
"Turns out we were wrong about the Iraqi oil paying for the war," he said.
"I am sorry," said the Tree.
"You took my apples.
You took my branches.
You took my trunk.
I have nothing left to give.
All that's left is a stump."
"That's okay," said George.

"We're gonna drill under you for oil!"



The Little Engineer That Couldn't
by Snotty Griper

Ding-dong, ding-dong. The little train sat on the tracks, ringing her bell. She was a happy little train, filled with all kinds of useful goodies. Her name was FEMA, and she was owned by a man named George.



FEMA was full of ice and water, food and first aid supplies, baby formula and clothes and even portable trailers — everything a disaster victim could ever want.

FEMA needed an engineer, so George asked a clown named Brownie if he thought he could do the job. Brownie said, "I think I can. I think I can. I think I can."

One day, New Orleans found out they were going to be hit by Hurricane Katrina. "Oh please, Brownie. Won't you drive FEMA to help us evacuate?" they cried.

So George asked Brownie if he could drive the train and help them evacuate. Brownie said, "I think I can. I think I can. I think I can."

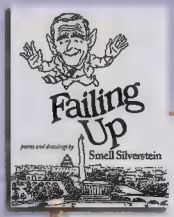
But Brownie didn't know how to drive the train, in fact he'd never ever driven a train at all. When Brownie finally made it to New Orleans, it was too late! The city was destroyed. It was a disaster. Even the ice had melted.

George then asked Brownie if he could take control of the situation and distribute supplies. Brownie said, "I think I can. I think I can. I think I can."

But Brownie didn't bring nearly enough supplies and couldn't distribute them quickly enough. Things were actually getting worse. People were dying.

It was right around this time that George said, "Heck of a job, Brownie. Heck of a job, Brownie. Heck of a job, Brownie."

And that's when New Orleans learned that thinking you can do something and actually being able to do it are two very different things.

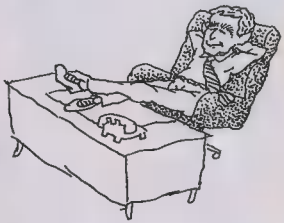


Failing Up
by Smell Silverstein

FAILING UP

When I screw up
Or make a mess
It has no effect
On my success.
I just get more
The worse I do.

Don't you wish
Life's like that for YOU?



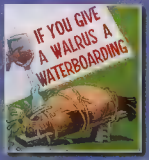
THE 2000 ELECTION

When your popular vote comes up a little short
It's nice to get an assist from the Supreme Court.

OUR CHILDREN LEARNING?

At Andover Prep, there was no time for reading —
George was too busy with his cheerleading.
And all he could do in class was fail
But still, his dad got him into Yale.
While at that school, he did not work at all.
He just got drunk and played baseball.
And that's pretty much how his young life was spent
And somehow this jerk became President?

Also Available:



'NAM!

Little Georgie never went to 'Nam to serve
He hid down in 'Bama, safe in the Reserve.
And you don't need to be a genius to correctly observe
That it takes a heck of a lot of nerve
For him to send kids to Iraq with such verve.

THE LOWLIGHTS (GACK!)

The 9-11 attack
The War in Iraq
Sending soldiers into battle
With no armor for flak.
The Patriot Act
Detainees on the rack
Not having the balls
To give Rumsfeld the sack
No diplomatic tact
The economy out of whack
A pretzel got stuck
In his intestinal tract
Ignoring scientific fact
The country on the wrong track
And still we re-elected this hack?
We must be on crack!

BYE-BYE

Failing up
Then falling down
After eight long, long years
George, get the hell out of town.

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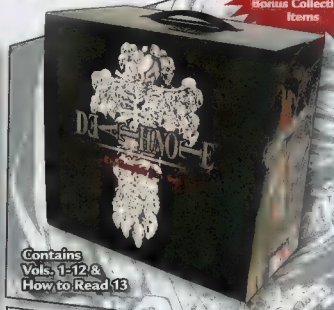

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WHAT'S QUICKLY BECOMING THE HOTTEST DESTINATION FOR MANY TEENAGERS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

There's plenty of hip places for teenagers to hang out these days. There is, however, one in particular that is the mother of all hangouts. To find out what location always delivers, fold page in as shown.

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

Abercrombie & Fitch claire's
the limited VICTORIA'S SECRET
HOT TOPIC OLD NAVY GAP
AMERICAN EAGLE

KING MULTI KLUTZ MALL

THE TEENAGER'S MAJOR PASSION IS PURSUIT OF MATERIALISTIC THINGS. BUT SOME FIND OPPORTUNITY IN ANOTHER PURSUIT WITH A STARTLING REWARD

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

WHAT'S QUICKLY BECOMING THE HOTTEST DESTINATION FOR MANY TEENAGERS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

THE MATERNITY WARD

A B

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GOING DOG WILD

A girl in my class has a red Labrador Retriever and last year he lost a tooth by biting a fake bone. She has read MAD a couple of times. I suggested a new name to her, Alfred E. Neuman, but she just stood there and stared at me. Whenever I read MAD in class now, she cries because her dog died. Once I taped a picture of Alfred to a binder and she went home early. You have to agree that Alfred E. Neuman is a good dog name, right?

Nathaniel Ritter, Alberta, Canada

Ritter Bug — Yeah, Alfred E. Neuman is a good name, but if you named your dog that, no self-respecting pooch would ever come when you called him! —Ed.

READER ALERT I

Before Snappy Answers to Stupid Questions and becoming MAD's Fold-in king, Al Jaffee created a syndicated strip called *Tall Tales*. Now collected for the first time, this book contains the best ones from over 2,200 strips. Those lucky readers who had their letters printed will get a copy of *Tall Tales* courtesy of our friends at Abrams Books.

COMIC STRIPPED

Cartoonist Bill Bramhall used MAD's own idiot mascot, Alfred E. Neuman, in a recent editorial for the *New York Daily News*. HA, HA, HA...that's hilarious! No, seriously, the entire world is screwed!

MAKE A DUMB WISH FOUNDATION™

For the past three years, while other boys our age spent their Saturdays playing sports or hanging out with girls, we have spent our time wisely sitting in the living room reading MAD. However, last week something horrible happened. We discovered that our friend, Ari, had gone to the dark side. He stopped reading MAD! He has refused to listen to reason and refuses to pick up another MAD ever again. Please print our letter so he'll return to the mag we know he loves! And do it as quickly as possible. With every passing day he's looking less and less like a MAD reader and more like a handsome young man. His acne and gut have almost disappeared. His grades have skyrocketed and girls and boys deemed "popular" and "cool" and all that nonsense, have invited him to parties. How crazy is that? MAD readers should never associate themselves with "cool" people and attend their ridiculous parties. Who needs parties when you have MAD and W.O.W. (*World of Warcraft*) at home? So our dumb wish for this glorious MAKE A DUMB WISH FOUNDATION™ is for you to please, please print our letter before it's too late and he's lost forever.

Zachary Weiner and Josh Kerdell, New York, NY

The Grass Is Always Weiner and Kerdell and Whey — Much like Nathaniel Ritter's friend's dog, Ari is in a better place now. —Ed.

WEDDED DISS

My grandparents, Billy and Roberta Smith, just celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary and I, the Reverend Billy Hornby, performed their re-wedding ceremony for them on New Smyrna Beach. MAD magazine has been a part of my whole family's life for the past 50 years, so I included MAD in the wedding ceremony. I wanted to share the pictures with you. Grandma and Grandpa Smith wanted to share a story with you. In 1959, Grandpa Smith brought home a MAD for Grandma — she had never read it before and in turn was hooked and loved it and we all continue to read it today.

Reverend Billy Hornby, New Smyrna Beach, FL

Toot Your Own Hornby — Wow! Your grandmother has been hooked on MAD for almost 50 years? That's incredible! More incredible still is that it is only the third biggest mistake your grandmother has made in her life. The first one was marrying your obviously deranged grandfather and the second one was allowing her goofball grandson to perform the re-marriage ceremony! —Ed.

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THE FUNDALINI PAGES

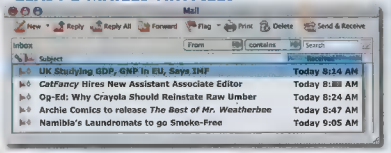
SIGNS YOUR DAD LOVES FOOTBALL MORE THAN YOUR FAMILY

- He opted to catch the fourth quarter of a 45-17 Jets/Titans blowout instead of the birth of your little sister.
- Even for family photos, he refuses to take off the cheesehead.
- He's been dropping hints that, when the time comes, his will is going to be heavily weighted towards Ben Roethlisberger.
- In the last three years, he's moved the family from Minnesota ■ Oakland to New England, yet shakily insists it has nothing to do with Randy Moss.
- He always complains it's "too cold" to build a snowman with you — yet goes ■ every Bears home game in nothing but facepaint and a thong.

CONTROL-ALT-DELETED SCENES FROM THE SEINFELD MICROSOFT ADS

This is the sixth time you've tried on the galoshes! Just how many times are you going to re-boot?!?
After spending five minutes with this guy, it's clear that Larry David was the REAL genius behind Seinfeld.
Know what? I'm just gonna go ahead and buy the store!
Hold on – how the hell did I get stuck paying for YOUR Churro?
You know, I think you're right – between the two of us we DO have more money than the Vatican!
And THAT is how you bypass "Net Nanny"!
No, I've never seen Indecent Proposal. Why do you ask?
Yes, they are a couple of morons. Now let's go to the Apple Store!

LEAST E-MAILED ARTICLES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CatFancy Hires New Assistant Associate Editor Today 8:[illegible] AM
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WHAT THE DEAL OR NO DEAL MODELS ARE THINKING

It is truly amazing that *Deal or No Deal* has become such a hit: It combines all the fun of statistical probability analysis with all the excitement of numbered luggage. And no one knows the tedium of America's new favorite game show quite like the 26 *Deal or No Deal* models, who on an exciting day get to both smile and open up a briefcase. With so little to do up there, those models' minds must wander a lot. That's why we want to know...

Making us all wear the exact same dress is one thing, but the exact same thong? Now the producers are just screwing with us!
I hope I didn't get the case with the sticky latch again.
I can't believe this counts towards my court-mandated community service!
Must. Resist. Urge. To. Pick. Nose.
Number sixteen! Is it so hard to say, "Number sixteen! I want to open number sixteen!" Oh come on, I'm going to be here forever! My feet are killing me!
I sure hope my job doesn't get outsourced to India.
I wish I were number 15.
Howie's soul patch reminds me — I need to make a waxing appointment!
Silicone... silicone... real... saline...real... silicone. Ok, now the second row....
Should I tell #18 that the mole on the back of her neck has changed colors since the season started? Hmmm...what to do, what to do?
Heh heh heh...silent but deadly!
$200,000 for acting classes paid off! Look at me! I'm on the top step!
Let's see, on my résumé I won't say Deal or No Deal model — I'll say Financial Valise Manager!
Who was it that sang "Just Like Heaven"? Was it The Cure? It sounds too happy to be The Cure. Maybe it was The Pet Shop Boys...No, I think it was The Cure.
Cramp! Cramp! Jesus Christ, a @■ Cramp!
To think mom said all my binging and purging would never pay off!
Tee hee! Little do they know I switched with #6 and I'm just holding her briefcase upside-down!
Wow, that's one ugly family!
Thank God for this gig. I'll never have to hear from Client no. 9 again!
I haven't lined up with this many girls since that wet t-shirt contest in Tijuana!
I hate these dresses! Yesterday while taking a shower I found sequins in places there should never be sequins!
The expected value of your suitcase is the sum of the values of the remaining suitcases divided by the number of remaining suitcases. If the offer is greater than the expected value, take the offer. It's easy, you moron!
I wish they'd give us funny names like American Gladiators. I want to be "Modelio"!
Here I am — model #4...maybe I don't have to go through with that last step in the sex change after all...
I wonder how long before this show creates demand for a new internet-porn genre called girl on girl?
Whew! Thank God for "Depends"!

WRITERS: ROSS GARMIL AND MATTHEW A. COHEN

The Horse That Knew the Way

Zeus was a big old Clydesdale we used mostly as a plow horse. Once in a while, we'd sell "pony" rides on him but he never liked it and would try and throw the kids or crush them up against the corral fence. He wouldn't let anyone ride him except my brother, Abner. He loved Abner.

In the town where I grew up, there were two funeral homes. One was Gilmore's, which was the fancy one. They had all sorts of high falutin' features like a sidewalk and a sign that lit up at night and blinked. And the other, a bit out of town, was Feckelman's. That was ours. We ran it out of our dining room. We tried to do the right thing and save decent folk money. Do the dead really need to have clothes on to be buried? Pa didn't think so. Do you really need an all-wooden pine box with a bottom and a top when cardboard would do? And do you really need a state license to run a funeral business? None of us believed that for a minute.

So we had the farm, the funeral parlor and the "pony" rides. But we were always getting sued by people who were trying to keep good folk like us down and the lawyer bills were piling up.

I'll never forget the summer we almost lost the farm. Pa, Abner and me were thinking how we could get some money when Zeus sauntered over and tried to crush Pa and me against the corral fence. He was always doing that. But Abner said Zeus was trying to tell us something. Then we all remembered the county fair was coming. The first prize to the winner of the steeplechase was $5,000! Just the amount we needed!

It was a long shot. Clydesdales aren't known for their speed. But it was the only chance we had, so Abner and Zeus went into training. But just a week before the big race, Zeus crushed Abner to death against the corral fence. Apparently he didn't love Abner as much as I thought.

So Pa and I came up with a new plan. Since no one else could ride Zeus but Abner, instead of burying him, we decided to duct tape him to Zeus. Considering how much lighter he'd be because of not eating in a week, Zeus would have a better chance of winning the prize money.

But on the day of the big race we discovered Zeus wanted no part of this. He got real spooked when we took Abner out of the Hefty bag and tossed him up on his back. As much as Zeus loved Abner, he didn't seem any too happy to see his old pal again. We had to stake him down while we taped Abner on. We went through sixteen rolls of duct tape that morning.

When the race started, we cut the ropes and Zeus took off like lightning. I never imagined Zeus could go that fast. It was a ten mile race through woods, across streams and over fences, fields and meadows. It was his race all of the way. When they crossed the finish line, Abner was bouncing around like a big rag doll. We shoulda used more tape. There was no gathering in the winner's circle 'cause Zeus just kept on running.

It was days before Zeus finally showed up. He still had a lot of tape on him but no sign of Abner. We're guessing he gave Abner a proper burial off in the woods somewhere. He then came over to Pa and me and again tried to crush us into the corral fence.

Then Pa and I got the same idea: with all the dead folks we been burying, we could probably make jockeys out of them all. Heck, with enough duct tape, anybody could ride Zeus. That's what Zeus was telling us in his excitement as he kept slamming us into the corral fence.

Pa went to get a race schedule and I went for the shovel and some garbage bags. "Thank you, champ!" I said to Zeus from the other side of the fence. He started kicking towards me but I knew it was just his way of saying, "You're welcome, brother of Abner. Now let's get out there and win some races. I'm ready."

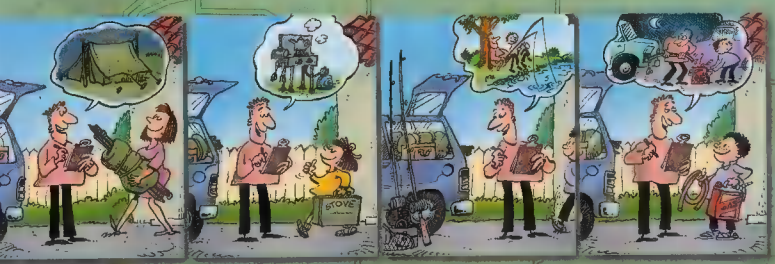
And he was. He went onto be State Steeplechase Champ for two years running. And though he never stopped at the finish line and got the flowers in the winners circle, it was probably just as well in case they had some dumb rule about dead people winning horse races.

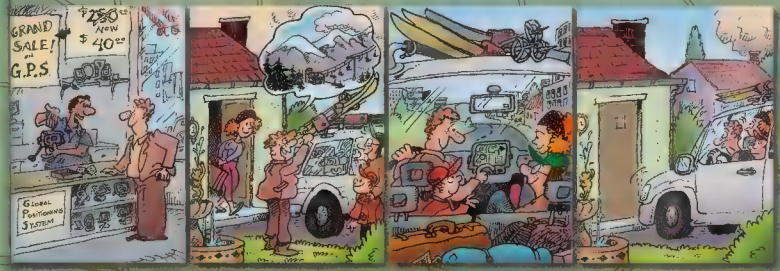
— Cooter Smiff, age 23

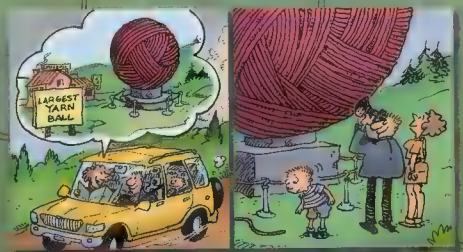
ARTIST: LEONARDO RODRIGUEZ WRITER: BRIAN MCCONNACHIE

Sergio Aragonés Presents

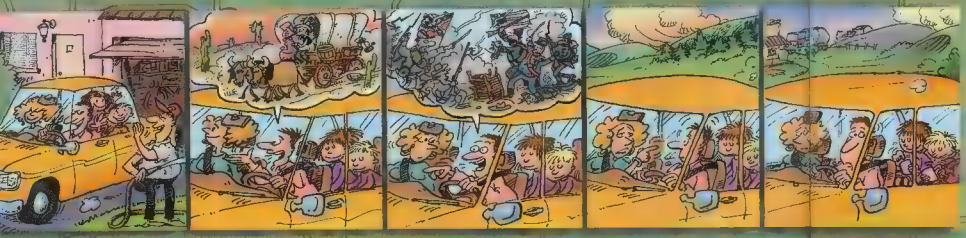
A MAD LOOK AT ROAD TRIPS



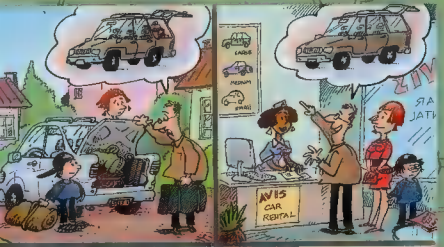


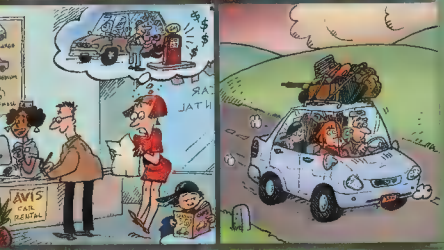


WRITER AND ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES



DINOSAUR PARK
ANTIQUES


AVIS
CAR RENTAL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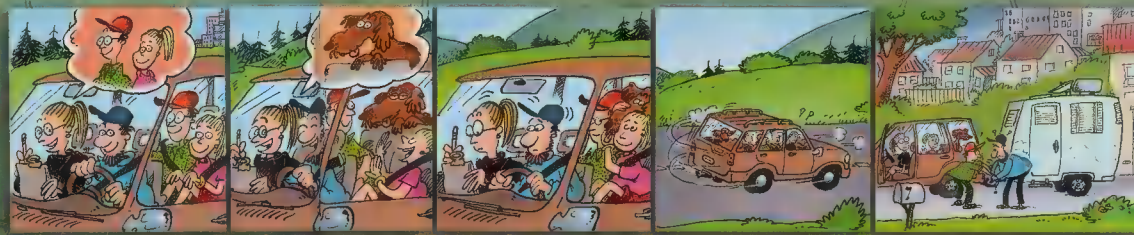


RRRR
RRRR

WHICH SIDE WILL YOU CHOOSE?
MORTAL KOMBAT
VS
DC UNIVERSE
Klose Kombat
Signature Moves
Klassic MK Moves
FreeFall Kombat
RP
May contain content inappropriate for children.
Visit www.esrb.org for rating information.
ESRB
POWERED BY
PLAYSTATION 3
XBOX 360 LIVE
Koming In November
WORLDSCOLLIDE.COM
MIDWAY

POINT TAKEN, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE STORM? SHOULDN'T WE GET OUT OF HERE?
WE'VE WEATHERED WORSE. REMEMBER YOUR MOM'S CATEGORY-FIVE P.M.S. OF '99?
THAT WAS A DOOZY.
CRACK
OKAY, TIME TO GO!
CAR WON'T START.
AND THERE GOES THE LAST CONVOY OF EVACUEES.
WELL, WHO KNEW THEY WERE EVACUATING?
WE WOULD HAVE — IF DAD HADN'T GOTTEN BORED WITH THE EMERGENCY BROADCASTING SYSTEM AND STARTED WATCHING THE VCR!
FIRST OFF, TANGO AND CASH IS A CLASSIC.
SECONDLY, IS THAT A BASEBALL?
NO, I'VE BEEN HIT WITH ENOUGH BASEBALLS TO KNOW. THAT'S HAIL.
HAIL?
RUN!!
IT'S SO LOUD!
I KNOW. I CAN BARELY HEAR YOU. IT'S WONDERFUL!
HEY, IT STOPPED.
YUP, IT'S ALL OVER, GO AHEAD OUTSIDE.
SLAM
HAHA! GOTCHA! IT'S JUST THE EYE OF THE STORM. WORST IS YET TO COME!
FUNNY. NOW OPEN THE DOOR. IT'S GETTING WINDY OUT HERE.
NOT UNTIL YOU... UH... WHAT?
COME ON!
UH...
MAKE HIM SING "SWEET ADELINE" LIKE A FRENCH HUSSY.
DO IT!
WHAT THE HELL IS "SWEET ADELINE"?
BONK!
OW! A LAWN GNOME JUST HIT ME!!
KILL-JOY. LET HIM IN.
VERY FUNNY.
I KNOW!
SO WHAT NOW? NO PHONES. NO ELECTRICITY.
YEAH. THIS BETTER BE COMING OFF OUR BILL!
WE CAN USE MY CITIZEN'S BAND RADIO.
YOU STILL GOT THAT OLD CB?
IT'S THE ONLY WAY ME AND SOME FRIENDS CAN TALK ABOUT CERTAIN THINGS WITHOUT BEING MONITORED.
I DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
COME IN, GOOD BUDDIES, WE'RE LOCKED DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS HORNBLOWER. COME ON.
I LIKE
YOU MEAN YOU FOOLS DIDN'T EVAC? YOU BEST GET SOME HUNDRED MILE COFFEE AND HUNKER DOWN, SHE'S A BIG 'UN COMING. OVER.
WILL DO.
WE'LL HUNKER DOWN AS SOON AS TANGO AND CASH IS OVER!
YOU REALLY SHOULD LET THAT GO. YOU WERE WRONG.
TIME WILL TELL.
WHAT NOW?
BIG BASSMAN 22 SAID WE SHOULD HEAD FOR THE CELLAR OR THE ATTIC UNTIL HELP ARRIVES. I FORGET WHICH.
WELL THE CELLAR IS OUT. WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE TURNED IT INTO A LANDFILL.
THOSE SANITATION BILLS WERE ROBBING US BLIND!
LET'S TRY THE ATTIC.
WAIT. DON'T WE WANT TO BRING UP ANY OF THE STUFF WE WANT TO SAVE?
I MEAN LIKE PICTURES AND STUFF LIKE THAT? MEMENTOS?
LIKE WHAT?
I'M GOOD.
ALL SET.
I SEE YOUR POINT.

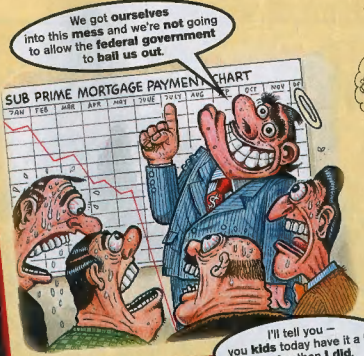
DON'T PHRASE ME, BRO DEPT.

It's been said that if you live long enough, eventually you'll "hear it all." Don't believe it! Most people resist change and cling to their ignorance. In fact, here are some...

COMMENTS YOU'LL NEVER HEAR NO MATTER HOW LONG YOU LIVE

Sir, it was **obviously** your own **stupidity** that caused this **accident** and there's absolutely **no grounds** for a **lawsuit**.
LAW FIRM SHMATTES LOW & SCUMB

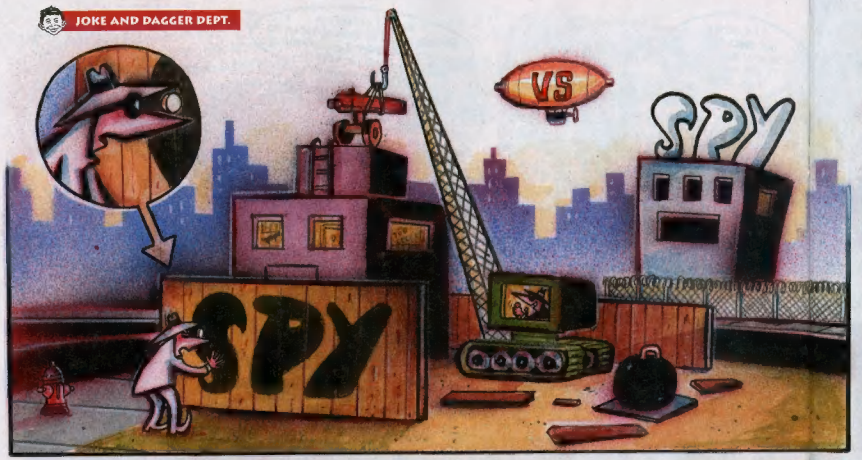
WRITER: DARREN JOHNSON ARTIST: TOM BUNK

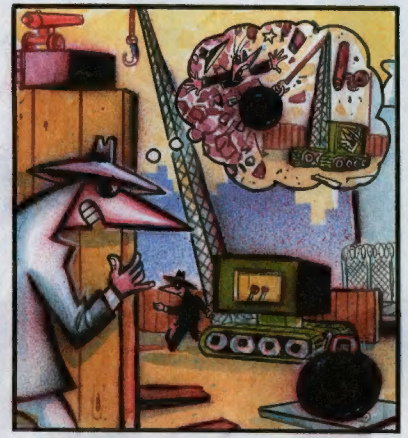

We got **ourselves** into this **mess** and we're **not** going to allow the **federal government** to **bail us out**.
SUB PRIME MORTGAGE PAYMENT CHART
JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUNE JULY AUG SEP OCT NOV

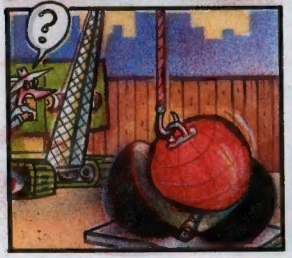
I'll tell you — you **kids** today have it a lot **harder** than **I did**.
AVERAGE HOMEWORK SOARS TO 3 HOURS A NIGHT
YOUTH SUMMER JOBS OUTLOOK
MATH
WASTE

These **motivational posters** changed my life. They're **really inspirational!**
AMBITION GO TO THE TOP
FOLLOW YOUR DREAMS SUCCESS
DETERMINATION MAKES DREAMS COME TRUE
PURE LOVE
IS HARD TO FIND
ACHIEVEMENT REACH FOR THE STARS
BE SPECIAL STAY TRUE TO YOURSELF

I don't give a **rat's ass** how **big** the **jackpot** is, I've **wasted** enough **money** on that **damn lottery**!
LOTTO TONIGHT $200 MILLION
LOTTO HERE







WRITER AND ARTIST: PETER KUPER

KUPER

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[About Me]

[Name|Tad]
[Grade|9]
[Height, Expressed in Verne Troyers|2.3]

[10 November|**04:22pm**]

[**mood**| wary]

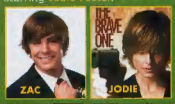
Today there was an oral pop quiz in Civics, and I kind of forgot to do any of the reading. Mr. Davis went around the room, asking each of us to stand up and answer a question. My question was, "List three ways the American system of government differed from a parliamentary system." I told Mr. Davis that the answer really depended on how you defined "system," "government" and "parliamentary," and that while some people might say the American system is very different from a parliamentary system, others would say that it's not very different at all, especially when you compare both of them to a system that's extremely different from both of them, so really, it's all relative and subjective. Then I sat down.

Mr. Davis asked me to stay after class. I was sure he was going to tell me that I'd gotten an F on the quiz. But instead, he said that I should consider joining the school's debate club, because my ability to talk for a solid minute without actually saying anything was really impressive. He said it was a real gift to talk and talk without knowing anything. Plus, he said, it might help me on my college application, after I flunk Civics. And then he laughed.

Mr. Davis has a weird sense of humor sometimes.

[10 November|**10:03pm**]

I was flipping around on cable tonight, and I caught a glimpse of this weird movie in which Zac Efron goes around New York City, shooting muggers. It was so bizarre that I wound up watching the whole rest of the movie, and then the credits rolled and I realized that it wasn't a Zac Efron movie at all — it was The Brave One, starring Jodie Foster.



I think it's a pretty understandable mistake.

[11 November|**06:41pm**]

[**mood**| anxious]

So, after school, I went to the debate club's adviser, Mrs. Winter, to ask about what the club is like. But as soon as I started asking about it, she got all excited. She said I was joining just in time, since right now, the club only has four members, but a team needs to have five members in order to compete with other schools, so thanks to me, we'll be able to compete in the district debate tournament later this month.

I kept trying to tell her that I wasn't really sure about joining, but she just kept talking like I'd already agreed to be on the team, and by the time I left her classroom, she'd already had me sign an entry form for the tournament. It was weird — it's like she totally ignored what I was saying and just kept on talking until I did what she wanted.

Aw, crap. I just figured out why Mrs. Winter's in charge of the debate club.

[12 November|**05:30pm**]

Today was my first day in debate club. It started a little rough — we had a practice debate, and Mrs. Winter said, "Resolved: America should switch to a flat tax." So I said, "OK." And then there was a long, awkward pause, and then she said, "Um, you're supposed to debate that." And I said, "Why? It's already been resolved." And she said, "That's not what resolved means." And I said, "Well, isn't the definition of 'resolved' open to interpretation?" And she said, "No, seriously, stop it." And I said, "Define 'it'." And she said, "No." And I said, "Then I win."

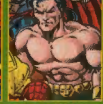
I thought I was doing really well, but apparently, that's not how debates work.

[19 November|**03:19pm**]

[**mood**| confident]

Well, I've been on the debate team a week now, and I think I'm actually getting pretty good at it. I practiced today with Chuck, on the subject "Resolved: Aquaman is lamer than Sub-Mariner." First I argued for Aquaman being lamer, and I won. Then I argued for Sub-Mariner being lamer, and I won again. (The truth, of course, is that they're equally lame. I mean, they're superheroes who hang out with fish — it's not like either of them is the cool one.)

AQUAMAN: LAMER



SUB-MARINER: ALSO LAMER

[20 November|**08:53pm**]

[**mood**| eager]

The big debate tournament's tomorrow, and I gotta say, I'm looking forward to it, if only because once it's over, maybe my friend Chuck will stop making jokes about me being a "master debater." It kind of stopped being funny after the first hundred times.

[21 November|**05:26pm**]

[**mood**| disappointed]

Today was the debate tournament. I got there a little early, and spent some time talking to the captain of one of the other teams, West Bloomfield High School. Her name's Beth, and she looks like Scarlett Johansson, only hotter. It turns out we agree on a lot of stuff. (We both like Firefly, we both want to own helper monkeys, and we both want to punch Criss Angel in the face.) So I was a little nervous when the tournament began, and it turned out I was debating against her. And I got even more nervous when they announced the topic, which was "Resolved: We must take immediate action to stop global warming," because we just finished a whole month of studying that in science class, so I knew a lot about it.

But then Beth whispered, "Good luck — whichever of us wins, I still want to hang out," and passed me her phone number.

I really wanted to impress her, so I argued as hard as I could about how bad global warming is, and how important it is to reverse it, and about, like, polar ice caps and hybrid cars and all that kind of stuff. After I finished, Mrs. Winter said I'd done a really good job of explaining why we need to fight global warming. Then she told me that I was supposed to argue AGAINST fighting global warming. The OTHER SIDE was supposed to make the argument for it. I guess they explained that right around when Beth gave me her number, and I was so distracted that I missed it.

Anyway, we lost the debate — one of the judges told me it was the first time he'd ever awarded someone negative points. When I talked to Beth afterward, she seemed really disappointed in me. Then she sent one of her friends over to ask for her number back.

Afterward, Mrs. Winter asked me to leave the team. She said that I'd just given the most humiliating performance by any debater, ever. I said that that was debatable. And she said, "No. It isn't."

WRITER: TIM CARVELL